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Number One

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EVANGELINE

BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

WITH NOTES

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



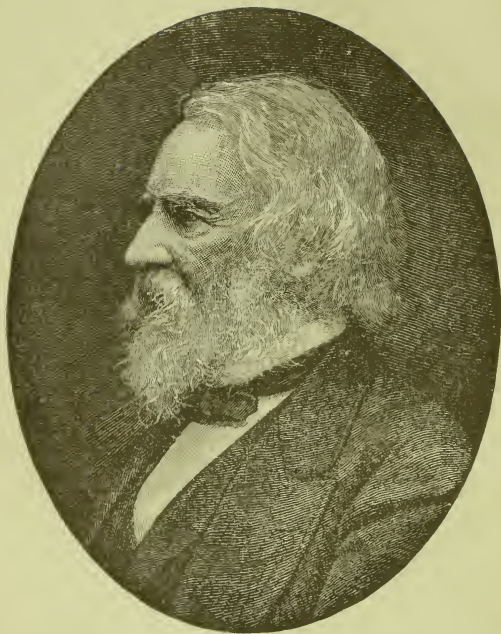
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Henry W. Longfellow

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The Riverside Literature Series

EVANGELINE

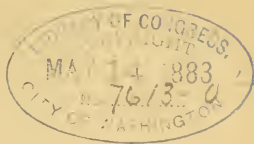
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was a classmate of Hawthorne at Bowdoin College, graduating there in the class of 1825. He began the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but receiving shortly the appointment of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, he devoted himself after that to literature, and to teaching in connection with literature. Before beginning his work at Bowdoin he increased his qualifications by travel and study in Europe, where he stayed three years. Upon his return he gave his lectures on modern languages and literature at the college, and wrote occasionally for the *North American Review* and other periodicals. The first volume which he published was an *Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain*, accompanied by translations from Spanish verse. This was issued in 1833, but has not been kept in print as a separate work. It appears as a chapter in *Outre-Mer*, a reflection of his European life and travel, the first of his prose-writings. In 1835 he was invited to succeed Mr. George Ticknor as professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, and again went to Europe for pre-

paratory study, giving especial attention to Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. He held his professorship until 1854, but continued to live in Cambridge until his death, March 24, 1882, occupying a house known from a former occupant as the Craigie House, and also as Washington's headquarters, that general having 'so used it while organizing the army that held Boston in siege at the beginning of the Revolution. Everett, Sparks, and Worcester, the lexicographer, at one time or another lived in this house, and here Longfellow wrote most of his works. In 1839 appeared *Hyperion, a Romance*, which, with more narrative form than *Outre-Mer*, like that gave the results of a poet's entrance into the riches of the Old World life. In the same year was published *Voices of the Night*, a little volume containing chiefly poems and translations which had been printed separately in periodicals. *The Psalm of Life*, perhaps the best known of Longfellow's short poems, was in this volume, and here too were *The Beleaguered City* and *Footsteps of Angels*. *Ballads and other Poems* and *Poems on Slavery* appeared in 1842; *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* in 1846; *Evangeline* in 1847; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, in prose, in 1849. Beside the various volumes comprising short poems, the list of Mr. Longfellow's works includes *The Golden Legend*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The New England Tragedies*, and a translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Mr. Longfellow's literary life began in his college days, and he wrote poems almost to the day of his death. A classification of his poems and longer works would be an interesting task, and would help to disclose the wide

range of his sympathy and taste; a collection of the metres which he has used would show the versatility of his art, and similar studies would lead one to discover the many countries and ages to which he would go for subjects. It would not be difficult to gather from the volume of Longfellow's poems hints of personal experience, that biography of the heart which is of more worth to us than any record, however full, of external change and adventure. Such hints may be found, for example, in the early lines, *To the River Charles*, which may be compared with his recent *Three Friends of Mine*, IV., V.; in *A Gleam of Sunshine*, *To a Child*, *The Day is Done*, *The Fire of Driftwood*, *Resignation*, *The Open Window*, *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, *My Lost Youth*, *The Children's Hour*, *Weariness*, and other poems; not that we are to take all sentiments and statements made in the first person as the poet's, for often the form of the poem is so far dramatic that the poet is assuming a character not necessarily his own, but the recurrence of certain strains, joined with personal allusions, helps one to penetrate the slight veil with which the poet, here as elsewhere, half conceals and half reveals himself. The friendly associations of the poet may also be discovered in several poems directly addressed to persons or distinctly allusive of them, and the reader will find it pleasant to construct the companionship of the poet out of such poems as *The Herons of Elmwood*, *To William E. Channing*, *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, *To Charles Sumner*, the *Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Hawthorne*, and other poems. An interesting study of Mr. Longfellow's writings will be found in a paper by W. D. Howells, in the *North American Review*, vol. civ.

I.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

[THE country now known as Nova Scotia, and called formerly Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded by France to Great Britain, and has ever since remained in the possession of the English. But in 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River, and the English government exercised only a nominal control over them. It was not till 1749 that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country, and that year they laid the foundations of the town of Halifax. A jealousy soon sprang up between the English and French settlers, which was deepened by the great conflict which was impending between the two mother countries; for the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, which confirmed the English title to Nova Scotia, was scarcely more than a truce between the two powers which had been struggling for ascendancy during the beginning of the century. The French engaged in a long controversy with the English respecting the boundaries of Acadie, which had been defined by the treaties in somewhat general terms, and in-

trigues were carried on with the Indians, who were generally in sympathy with the French, for the annoyance of the English settlers. The Acadians were allied to the French by blood and by religion, but they claimed to have the rights of neutrals, and that these rights had been granted to them by previous English officers of the crown. The one point of special dispute was the oath of allegiance demanded of the Acadians by the English. This they refused to take, except in a form modified to excuse them from bearing arms against the French. The demand was repeatedly made, and evaded with constant ingenuity and persistency. Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who desired only to live undisturbed upon their farms; but there were some restless spirits, especially among the young men, who compromised the reputation of the community, and all were very much under the influence of their priests, some of whom made no secret of their bitter hostility to the English, and of their determination to use every means to be rid of them.

As the English interests grew and the critical relations between the two countries approached open warfare, the question of how to deal with the Acadian problem became the commanding one of the colony. There were some who coveted the rich farms of the Acadians; there were some who were inspired by religious hatred; but the prevailing spirit was one of fear for themselves from the near presence of a community which, calling itself neutral, might at any time offer a convenient ground for hostile attack. Yet to require these people to withdraw to Canada or Louisburg would be to strengthen the hands of the French, and make these neutrals determined enemies. The colony finally resolved, without

consulting the home government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the colonies in such a way as to preclude any concert amongst the scattered families by which they should return to Acadia. To do this required quick and secret preparations. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops, brought thither for the capture of the forts lying in the debatable land about the head of the Bay of Fundy. These were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, and to this gentleman and Captain Alexander Murray was intrusted the task of removal. They were instructed to use stratagem, if possible, to bring together the various families, but to prevent any from escaping to the woods. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued a written order, addressed to the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc., "as well ancient as young men and lads," — a proclamation summoning all the males to attend him in the church at Grand-Pré on the 5th instant, to hear a communication which the governor had sent. As there had been negotiations respecting the oath of allegiance, and much discussion as to the withdrawal of the Acadians from the country, though none as to their removal and dispersal, it was understood that this was an important meeting, and upon the day named four hundred and eighteen men and boys assembled in the church. Winslow, attended by his officers and men, caused a guard to be placed round the church, and then announced to the people his majesty's decision that they were to be removed with their families out of the country. The church became at once a guard-house,

and all the prisoners were under strict surveillance. At the same time similar plans had been carried out at Pisiquid under Captain Murray, and less successfully at Chignecto. Meanwhile there were whispers of a rising among the prisoners, and although the transports which had been ordered from Boston had not yet arrived, it was determined to make use of the vessels which had conveyed the troops, and remove the men to these for safer keeping. This was done on the 10th of September, and the men remained on the vessels in the harbor until the arrival of the transports, when these were made use of, and about three thousand souls sent out of the country to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of sending them off, — a haste which was increased by the anxiety of the officers to be rid of the distasteful business, and a confusion which was greater from the difference of tongues, — many families were separated, and some at least never came together again.

The story of *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation. The removal of the Acadians was a blot upon the government of Nova Scotia and upon that of Great Britain, which never disowned the deed, although it was probably done without direct permission or command from England. It proved to be unnecessary, but it must also be remembered that to many men at that time the English power seemed trembling before France, and that the colony at Halifax regarded the act as one of self-preservation.

The authorities for an historical inquiry into this subject are best seen in a volume published by the government of Nova Scotia at Halifax in 1869, entitled

Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia, edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records; and in a manuscript journal kept by Colonel Winslow, now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. At the State House in Boston are two volumes of records, entitled *French Neutrals*, which contain voluminous papers relating to the treatment of the Acadians who were sent to Massachusetts. Probably the work used by the poet in writing *Evangeline* was *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, by Thomas C. Haliburton, who is best known as the author of *The Clock-Maker, or The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, a book which, written apparently to prick the Nova Scotians into more enterprise, was for a long while the chief representative of Yankee smartness. Judge Haliburton's history was published in 1829. A later history, which takes advantage more freely of historical documents, is *A History of Nova Scotia, or Acadie*, by Beamish Murdock, Esq., Q. C., Halifax, 1866. Still more recent is a smaller, well-written work, entitled *The History of Acadia from its First Discovery to its Surrender to England by the Treaty of Paris*, by James Hannay, St. John, N. B., 1879. W. J. Anderson published a paper in the transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part 7, 1870, entitled *Evangeline and the Archives of Nova Scotia*, in which he examines the poem by the light of the volume of Nova Scotia Archives, edited by T. B. Akins. The sketches of travellers in Nova Scotia, as *Acadia, or a Month among the Blue Noses*, by F. S. Cozzens, and *Baddeck*, by C. D. Warner, give the present appearance of the country and inhabitants.

The measure of *Evangeline* is what is commonly known as English dactylic hexameter. The hexameter is the measure used by Homer in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by Virgil in the *Æneid*, but the difference between the English language and the Latin or Greek is so great, especially when we consider that in English poetry every word must be accented according to its customary pronunciation, while in scanning Greek and Latin verse accent follows the quantity of the vowels, that in applying this term of hexameter to *Evangeline* it must not be supposed by the reader that he is getting the effect of Greek hexameters. It is the Greek hexameter translated into English use, and some have maintained that the verse of the *Iliad* is better represented in the English by the trochaic measure of fifteen syllables, of which an excellent illustration is in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*; others have compared the Greek hexameter to the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, used notably by Chapman in his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. The measure adopted by Mr. Longfellow has never become very popular in English poetry, but has repeatedly been attempted by other poets. The reader will find the subject of hexameters discussed by Matthew Arnold in his lectures *On Translating Homer*; by James Spedding in *English Hexameters*, in his recent volume, *Reviews and Discussions, Literary, Political and Historical, not relating to Bacon*; and by John Stuart Blackie in *Remarks on English Hexameters*, contained in his volume *Horæ Hellenicæ*.

The measure lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of the poem, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall

of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cæsural pause, should be carefully regarded; a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.]

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

1. A primeval forest is, strictly speaking, one which has never been disturbed by the axe.

3. *Druids* were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. The name was probably of Celtic origin, but its form may have been determined by the Greek word *drūs*, an oak, since their places of worship were consecrated groves of oak. Perhaps the choice of the image was governed by the analogy of a religion and tribe that were to disappear before a stronger power.

4. A poetical description of an ancient harper will be found in the *Introduction* to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott.

5 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-
dian farmers, —
10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image
of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-
ever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them
far o'er the ocean.
15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village
of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,
and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines
of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

8. Observe how the tragedy of the story is anticipated by this picture of the startled roe.

19. In the earliest records *Acadie* is called *Cadie*; it afterwards was called

PART THE FIRST.

I.

- 20 IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with
labor incessant,
25 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the
flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er
the meadows.

Arcadia, Accadia, or L'Acadie. The name is probably a French adaptation of a word common among the Micmac Indians living there, signifying place or region, and used as an affix to other words as indicating the place where various things, as cranberries, eels, seals, were found in abundance. The French turned this Indian term into Cadie or Acadie ; the English into Quoddy, in which form it remains when applied to the Quoddy Indians, to Quoddy Head, the last point of the United States next to Acadia, and in the compound Passamaquoddy, or Pollock-Ground.

21. Compare, for effect, the first line of Goldsmith's *The Traveller*. Grand-Pré will be found on the map as part of the township of Horton.

24. The people of Acadia are mainly the descendants of the colonists who were brought out to La Have and Port Royal by Isaac de Razilly and Charanisay between the years 1633 and 1638. These colonists came from Rochelle, Saintonge, and Poitou, so that they were drawn from a very limited area on the west coast of France, covered by the modern departments of Vendée and Charente Inférieure. This circumstance had some influence on their mode of settling the lands of Acadia, for they came from a country of marshes, where the sea was kept out by artificial dikes, and they found in Acadia similar marshes, which they dealt with in the same way that they had been accustomed to practice in France. Hannay's *History of Acadia*, pp. 282, 283. An excellent account of dikes and the flooding of low lands, as practiced in Holland, may be found in *A Farmer's Vacation*, by George E. Waring, Jr.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards
and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away
to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains

30 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their sta-
tion descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak
and of hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign
of the Henries.

35 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and
gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the
doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles

29. *Blomidon* is a mountainous headland of red sandstone, surmounted by a perpendicular wall of basaltic trap, the whole about four hundred feet in height, at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

34. The characteristics of a Normandy village may be further learned by reference to a pleasant little sketch-book, published a few years since, called *Normandy Picturesque*, by Henry Blackburn, and to *Through Normandy*, by Katharine S. Macquoid.

39. The term *kirtle* was sometimes applied to the jacket only, sometimes to the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always both; a half kirtle was a term applied to either. A man's jacket was sometimes called a kirtle; here the reference is apparently to the full kirtle worn by women.

- 40 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles
within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and
the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
bless them.
- 45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose ma-
trons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-
renely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from
the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
- 50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense
ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian
farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were
they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice
of republics.

49. *Angelus Domini* is the full name given to the bell which, at morning, noon, and night, called the people to prayer, in commemoration of the visit of the angel of the Lord to the Virgin Mary. It was introduced into France in its modern form in the sixteenth century.

55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to
their windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts
of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand-Pré,
60 Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing
his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of
the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with
snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
65 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers ;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed
in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at
noontide
70 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was
the maiden.

- Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell
from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with
his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of
beads and her missal,
75 Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and
the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as
an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
80 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
tion upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

- Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and
a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-
ing around it.
85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and
a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a
penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of
Mary.

90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well
with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were
the barns and the farm-yard ;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his
feathered seraglio,

95 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with
the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-
lage. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.

93. The accent is on the first syllable of *antique*, where it remains in the form *antic*, which once had the same general meaning.

99. *Odorous*. The accent here, as well as in line 403, is upon the first syllable, where it is commonly placed ; but Milton, who of all poets had the most refined ear, writes

“So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes.”

Par. Lost, Book V., lines 479-482.

But he also uses the more familiar accent in other passages, as “An amber
scent of ódorous perfume.”

Samson Agonistes, 720.

100 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

105 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
110 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome ;

115 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored
of all men ;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
120 Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father
Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
125 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire
of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
darkness
130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-
ing bellows,

122. The *plain-song* is a monotonic recitative of the collects.

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in
 the ashes,
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into
 the chapel.
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
 eagle,
 135 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er
 the meadow.
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests
 on the rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which
 the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight
 of its fledglings ;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of
 the swallow !
 140 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer
 were children.
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face
 of the morning,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
 thought into action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of
 a woman.
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for
 that was the sunshine

133. The French have another saying similar to this, that they were guests going into the wedding.

139. In Pluquet's *Contes Populaires* we are told that if one of a swallow's young is blind the mother bird seeks on the shore of the ocean a little stone, with which she restores its sight ; and he adds, "He who is fortunate enough to find that stone in a swallow's nest holds a wonderful remedy." Pluquet's book treats of Norman superstitions and popular traits.

144. Pluquet also gives this proverbial saying :—

"Si le soleil rit le jour Sainte-Eulalie,
 Il y aura pommes et cidre à folie."

145 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
 orchards with apples ;
 She too would bring to her husband's house delight
 and abundance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
 colder and longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion
 enters.

150 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from
 the ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
 islands.

Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds
 of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with
 the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

155 Bees, with¹ prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded
 their honey
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters
 asserted
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of
 the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
 beautiful season,
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of
 All-Saints !

(If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's day, there will be plenty of apples, and
 cider enough.)

Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February.

159. The Summer of All-Saints is our Indian Summer, All-Saints Day being

- 160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical
light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-
hood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in
the farm-yards,
165 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,
and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden va-
pors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree
of the forest
170 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with
mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-
light descending

November 1st. The French also give this season the name of Saint Martin's Summer, Saint Martin's Day being November 11th.

170. Herodotus, in his account of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, tells of a beautiful plane-tree which Xerxes found, and was so enamored with that he dressed it as one might a woman, and placed it under the care of a guardsman (vii. 31). Another writer, Ælian, improving on this, says he adorned it with a necklace and bracelets.

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,

175 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-
ness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks
from the seaside,

180 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them fol-
lowed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of
his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the strag-
glers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,

185 When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from
the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes
and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and pon-
derous saddles,

- 190 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels
of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in reg-
ular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets de-
scended.
- 195 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of
the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly
the farmer
200 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames
and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Be-
hind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.

193. There is a charming milkmaid's song in Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, Act III., Scene 5, where the streaming of the milk into the sounding pails is caught in the tinkling *k's* of such lines as

"When you came and kissed me milking the cows."

- Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair
205 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates
on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies
the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before
him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgun-
dian vineyards.
210 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner
behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the
drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-
ments together.
215 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at in-
tervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the
priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,
suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back
on its hinges.

220 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil
the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was
with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place
on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

225 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box
of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil
the blacksmith,

230 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-
side:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and
thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horseshoe.”

235 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline
brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are
commanded

240 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the
mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-
ple.”

Then made answer the farmer : — “ Perhaps some
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the har-
vests in England

245 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their
cattle and children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said
warmly the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh,
he continued : —

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor
Port Royal.

239. The text of Colonel Winslow’s proclamation will be found in *Haliburton*, i. 175.

249. Louisburg, on Cape Breton, was built by the French as a military and naval station early in the eighteenth century, but was taken by an expedition from Massachusetts under General Pepperell in 1745. It was restored by England to France in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and recaptured by the English in 1757. Beau Séjour was a French fort upon the neck of land connecting Acadia with the main-land which had just been captured by Winslow’s forces. Port Royal, afterward called Annapolis Royal, at the outlet of Annapolis River into the Bay of Fundy, had been disputed ground, being occupied alternately by French and English, but in 1710 was attacked by an expedition

- 250 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its
 outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-
 morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons
 of all kinds ;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the
 scythe of the mower."
- Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
 farmer : —
- 255 " Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
 and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
 ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
 cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow
 of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night
 of the contract.
- 260 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of
 the village
Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the
 glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
 for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and
 inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of
 our children ? "
- 265 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in
 her lover's,

from New England, and after that held by the English government and made
a fortified place.

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father
 had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
 entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of
 the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
 notary public ;
270 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
 maize, hung
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and
 glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom su-
 pernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a
 hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his
 great watch tick.
275 Four long 'years in the times of the war had he lan-
 guished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend
 of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-
 picion,

267. A *notary* is an officer authorized to attest contracts or writings of any kind. His authority varies in different countries ; in France he is the necessary maker of all contracts where the subject-matter exceeds 150 francs, and his instruments, which are preserved and registered by himself, are the originals, the parties preserving only copies.

275. King George's War, which broke out in 1744 in Cape Breton, in an attack by the French upon an English garrison, and closed with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 ; or, the reference may possibly be to Queen Anne's war, 1702-1713, when the French aided the Indians in their warfare with the colonists.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;

280 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,

285 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

280. The *Loup-garou*, or were-wolf, is, according to an old superstition especially prevalent in France, a man with power to turn himself into a wolf, which he does that he may devour children. In later times the superstition passed into the more innocent one of men having a power to charm wolves.

282. Pluquet relates this superstition, and conjectures that the white, fleet ermine gave rise to it.

284. A belief still lingers among the peasantry of England, as well as on the Continent, that at midnight, on Christmas eve, the cattle in the stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour, as the old legend says was done in the stable at Bethlehem.

285. In like manner a popular superstition prevailed in England that ague could be cured by sealing a spider in a goose-quill and hanging it about the neck.

- 290 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard
the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these
ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary
public, —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never
the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know no better than
others.
- 295 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-
tion
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why
then molest us ?"
"God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat
irascible blacksmith ;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the
why, and the wherefore ?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest !"
- 300 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the no-
tary public, —
"Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often
consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at
Port Royal."
- This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to
repeat it
- 305 When his neighbors complained that any injustice
was done them.

302. This is an old Florentine story ; in an altered form it is the theme of
Rossini's opera of *La Gazza Ladra*.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer
remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its
left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided
310 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes
of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of
the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
shine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
315 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
man’s palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a
suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
Justice.
320 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended,
Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of
the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand

- Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,
325 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
inwoven.”
- Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in
the winter.
- 330 Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers
and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of
the parties,
335 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep
and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were
completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on
the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver ;

340 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the
bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-
side,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its
corner.

345 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention
the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœu-
vre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was
made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the
moon rise

350 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the mead-
ows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from
the belfry

344. The word *draughts* is derived from the circumstance of drawing the
men from one square to another.

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and
straightway

355 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in
the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed
on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the
farmer.

360 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-
ness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,
and its clothes-press

365 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her
husband in marriage,

354. *Curfew* is a corruption of *couvre-feu*, or cover fire. In the Middle Ages, when police patrol at night was almost unknown, it was attempted to lessen the chances of crime by making it an offence against the laws to be found in the streets in the night, and the curfew bell was tolled, at various hours, according to the custom of the place, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. It warned honest people to lock their doors, cover their fires, and go to bed. The custom still lingers in many places, even in America, of ringing a bell at nine o'clock in the evening.

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight

370 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,
till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of
the orchard,

375 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her
lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling
of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely
the moon pass

380 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow
her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were
riding at anchor.

385 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and
neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

390 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numer-
ous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels
in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.

Thronged 'were the streets with people; and noisy
groups at the house-doors

395 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

396. "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved as it were before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind." From the Abbé Raynal's account of the Acadians. The Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal was a French writer (1711-1796), who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, in which he included also some account of Canada and Nova Scotia. His picture of life among the Acadians, somewhat highly col-

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers
together,

All things were held in common, and what one had
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
abundant :

400 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-
come and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as
she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,

Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of be-
trothal.

405 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and
the notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-
smith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and
the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of
hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played
on his snow-white

410 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of
the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his
fiddle,

ored, is the source from which after writers have drawn their knowledge of
Acadian manners.

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

415 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

413. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* was a song written by Ducauroi, *maître de chapelle* of Henri IV., the words of which are : —

Vous connaissez Cybèle,
Qui sut fixer le Temps ;
On la disait fort belle,
Même dans ses vieux ans.

CHORUS.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand' mère
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais,
Avait même certains attraits
Fermes comme la Terre.

Le Carillon de Dunkerque was a popular song to a tune played on the Dunkirk chimes. The words are : —

Imprudent, téméraire
À l'instant, je l'espère
Dans mon juste courroux,
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups !
— Je brave ta menace
— Être moi ! quelle audace !
Avance donc, poltron !
Tu trembles ? non, non, non.
— J'étouffe de colère !
— Je ris de ta colère.

The music to which the old man sang these songs will be found in *La Clé du Caveau*, by Pierre Capelle, Nos. 564 and 739. Paris : A. Cotellet.

- 420 So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
- 425 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
- 430 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

432. Colonel Winslow has preserved in his Diary the speech which he delivered to the assembled Acadians, and it is copied by Haliburton in his *History of Nova Scotia*, i. 166, 167.

435 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch :

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves
from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may
dwell there

440 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people !

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's
pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of
summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of
the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shat-
ters his windows,

445 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch
from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their en-
closures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words
of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

450 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to
the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce
imprecations

- Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the
heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the
blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the bil-
lows.
- 455 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and
wildly he shouted, —
“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have
sworn them allegiance !
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our
homes and our harvests ! ”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand
of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down
to the pavement.
- 460 In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-
tention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of
the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed
into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his
people ;
- 465 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured
and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the
clock strikes.
“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what mad-
ness has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

470 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers
and privations ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and
forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gaz-
ing upon you !

475 See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy
compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘ O
Father, forgive them ! ’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘ O Father, forgive
them ! ’ ”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts
of his people

480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, “ O Father,
forgive them ! ”

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar ;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the
Ave Maria

485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of
ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women
and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her
right hand
490 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,
that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,
and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and embla-
zoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on
the table ;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant
with wild-flowers ;
495 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
brought from the dairy ;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of
the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the
sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad am-
brosial meadows.
Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

492. To emblazon is literally to adorn anything with ensigns armorial. It was often the custom to work these ensigns into the design of painted windows.

500 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial
ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,
and patience !
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the vil-
lage,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts
of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they
departed,
505 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet
of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
mering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descend-
ing from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.
510 All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and
the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome
by emotion,
“Gabriel !” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ;
but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house
of her father.
515 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was
the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by
the window.

520 Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the
echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the
world He created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the
justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully
slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on
the fifth day

525 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the
farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the
Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to
the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,

530 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road
and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on
the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and
there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
535 All day long between the shore and the ships did the
boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the
village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his
setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a
sudden the church-doors
540 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes
and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary
and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-
scended
545 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives
and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together
their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions : —

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible
fountain !

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission
and patience ! ”

550 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women
that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-
shine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits
departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in
silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction, —

555 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession ap-
proached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emo-
tion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to
meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered, —

“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one an-
other

560 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances
may happen ! ”

Smiling she spake these words ; then, suddenly paused,
for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was
his aspect !

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from
his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart
in his bosom.
565 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck
and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of com-
fort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mourn-
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir
of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confu-
sion
570 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,
too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with
her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down,
and the twilight
575 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the
refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the
sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the
slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods
and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

580 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near
them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and
leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.

585 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from
their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk
from their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard, —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand
of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no
Angelus sounded,

590 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights
from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had
been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the
crying of children.

595 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in
his parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoiling and blessing
and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-
shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat
with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old
man,

600 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to
cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering
fire-light.

605 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of com-
passion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,
and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child
on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of
the maiden,

610 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above
them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and
sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together
in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

615 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

620 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

615. The Titans were giant deities in Greek mythology who attempted to deprive Saturn of the sovereignty of heaven, and were driven down into Tartarus by Jupiter, the son of Saturn, who hurled thunderbolts at them. Briareus, the hundred-handed giant, was in mythology of the same parentage as the Titans, but was not classed with them.

621. *Gleeds*. Hot, burning coals; a Chaucerian word:—

“And wafres piping hoot out of the gleede.”

Canterbury Tales, l. 3379.

The burning of the houses was in accordance with the instructions of the Governor to Colonel Winslow, in case he should fail in collecting all the inhabitants: “You must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible, not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support by burning their houses, and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country.”

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the
shore and on shipboard.

625 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in
their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village
of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing
of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs
interrupted.

630 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the
Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the
speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the
river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the
herds and the horses

635 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o’er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the
priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent
companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore

640 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;

645 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

650 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of
Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast
congregation,
660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with
the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
embarking ;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of
the harbor,
665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels de-
parted,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in
story.

657. The bell was tolled to mark the passage of the soul into the other world ; the book was the service book. The phrase " bell, book, or candle " was used in referring to excommunication.

- 670 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the
wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas, —
- 675 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to
the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of
the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despair-
ing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a
friend nor a fireside.
- 680 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the
churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her ex-
tended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway

677. Bones of the mastodon, or mammoth, have been found scattered all over the territory of the United States and Canada, but the greatest number have been collected in the Salt Licks of Kentucky, and in the States of Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, and Alabama.

685 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and
abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in
the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished ;
690 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sun-
shine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly de-
scended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the
fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of
the spirit,
695 She would commence again her endless search and
endeavor ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-
haps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whis-
per,
700 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-
ward.

699. Observe the diminution in this line, by which one is led to the *airy hand* in the next.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her
beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh, yes! we
have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have
gone to the prairies;

705 Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and
trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh, yes! we
have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and
wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

710 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has
loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and
be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s
tresses.

705. The *coureurs-des-bois* formed a class of men very early in Canadian history, produced by the exigencies of the fur-trade. They were French by birth, but by long affiliation with the Indians and adoption of their customs had become half-civilized vagrants, whose chief vocation was conducting the canoes of the traders along the lakes and rivers of the interior. Bushrangers is the English equivalent. They played an important part in the Indian wars, but were nearly as lawless as the Indians themselves. The reader will find them frequently referred to in Parkman’s histories, especially in *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, and *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*

707. A *voyageur* is a river boatman, and is a term applied usually to Canadians.

713. St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena were both cel-

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
“I cannot !

715 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand,
and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,

Said, with a smile, “O daughter ! thy God thus
speaketh within thee !

720 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full
of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to
the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work
of affection !

725 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance
is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart
is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven ! ”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the
ocean,

celebrated for their vows of virginity. Hence the saying *to braid St. Catherine’s tresses*, of one devoted to a single life.

730 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that
whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of
existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year
of existence;

735 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through
the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals
only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur;

740 Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches
an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wa-
bash,

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mis-
sissippi,

741. The Iroquois gave to this river the name of Ohio, or the Beautiful River, and La Salle, who was the first European to discover it, preserved the name so that it very early was transferred to maps.

Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

745 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers

750 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

755 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

750. Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. Louisiana had been ceded by France to Spain in 1762, but did not really pass under the control of the Spanish until 1769. The existence of a French population attracted the wandering Acadians, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward formed settlements on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast up to Baton Rouge, and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana: The French Dominion*, vol. ii.

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of
their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.

760 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the
river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and
dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns per-
petual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,

765 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress

770 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

775 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
and sadness, —

780 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be
compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of
the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of
evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom
has attained it.

785 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,
that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through
the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the
shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered
before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer
and nearer.

- 790 Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the
forest.
- 795 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the
darkness ;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.
- 800 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the
forest,
- 805 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of
the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades ; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus

810 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

815 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

820 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
beneath it.

825 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.

830 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful
and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness

"Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

835 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos ;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows ;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers ;

840 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died
in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician !

845 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit ? "

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credu-
lous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

850 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to
me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor
is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world
calls illusions.

855 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur
and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again
to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his
sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of
fruit-trees ;

860 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of
the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of
Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and con-
tinued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western
horizon

865 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the
landscape ;

Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and
forest

Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of
silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the mo-
tionless water.

870 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of
feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,
wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the
water,
375 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious
music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soar-
ing to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lam-
entation ;
380 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad
in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
385 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbor-
ing dwelling ; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

878. The Bacchantes were worshippers of the god Bacchus, who in Greek mythology presided over the vine and its fruits. They gave themselves up to all manner of excess, and their songs and dances were to wild, intoxicating measures.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
890 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted to-
gether.
895 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns
supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the
garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual
symbol,
900 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of
rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow
and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself
was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly ex-
panding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke
rose.

905 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a
pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the
limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descend-
ing.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm
in the tropics,

910 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of
grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of
the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and
stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of
deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the
Spanish sombrero

915 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of
its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine
that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and ex-
panding

920 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that re-
sounded

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air
of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of
ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed
o'er the prairie,

925 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through
the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden ad-
vancing to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amaze-
ment, and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of
wonder ;

930 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the
garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
friendly embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

935 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark
doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat
embarrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the
Atchafalaya,

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's
boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

940 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a trem-
ulous accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face
on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept
and lamented.

Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew
blithe as he said it, —

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he
departed.

945 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and
my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet exis-
tence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

950 He at length had become so tedious to men and to
maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
Mountains.

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
beaver.

955 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

960 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

965 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

970 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor ;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and
the climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his
who would take them ;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go
and do likewise.

975 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the
supper of Basil

Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness de-
scended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape
with silver,

980 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but
within doors,

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the
glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table,
the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in end-
less profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchi-
toches tobacco,

985 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled
as they listened : —

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have
been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer ;

990 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

995 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

1000 While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer : —

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of
the fever!

1005 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck
in a nutshell!”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and foot-
steps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy
veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,

1010 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil
the herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to
each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

1015 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, pro-
ceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious
fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed
to the music,

1020 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of flut-
tering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
 priest and the herdsman
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and
 future ;
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
 within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
 music
 1025 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepres-
 sible sadness
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into
 the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of
 the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On
 the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
 lous gleam of the moonlight,
 1030 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
 devious spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
 of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
 prayers and confessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
 Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
 shadows and night-dews,

1033. The Carthusians are a monastic order founded in the twelfth century, perhaps the most severe in its rules of all religious societies. Almost perpetual silence is one of the vows ; the monks can talk together but once a week ; the labor required of them is unremitting and the discipline exceedingly rigid. The first monastery was established at Chartreux near Grenoble in France, and the Latinized form of the name has given us the word Carthusian.

- 1035 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the
magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable long-
ings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade
of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the
measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
1040 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite
numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-
vel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of
that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
“Upharsin.”
1045 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and
the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, “O Gabriel! O my
beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold
thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does
not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the
prairie!
1050 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the wood-
lands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me
in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded
about thee? "

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoor-
will sounded

1055 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden

1060 Bathed their shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases
of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his
fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the
bridegroom was coming."

1065 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen al-
ready were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was
speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.

1070 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

1075 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lumi-
nous summits.

1080 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the
gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and
Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps
the Nebraska ;
1085 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the
Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the
wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend
to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies,
1090 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk
and the roebuck ;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of rider-
less horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
weary with travel ;
1095 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children,
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their ter-
rible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
1100 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these
savage marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of
 swift-running rivers ;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
 of the desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots
 by the brook-side,
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
 heaven,
 1105 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
 them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
 Mountains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers
 behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden
 and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
 o'ertake him.
 1110 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
 smoke of his camp-fire
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but
 at nightfall,
 When they had reached the place, they found only
 embers and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and
 their bodies were weary,
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Mor-
 gana
 1115 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
 vanished before them.

1114. The Italian name for a meteoric phenomenon nearly allied to a mirage, witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and less frequently elsewhere, and con-

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
 silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose fea-
 tures
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great
 as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her
 people,
1120 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Ca-
 manches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,
 had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-
 est and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
 feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the
 embers.
1125 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all
 his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of
 the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
 where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
 wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and
 repeated

sisting in the appearance in the air over the sea of the objects which are upon the neighboring coasts. In the southwest of our own country, the mirage is very common, of lakes which stretch before the tired traveller, and the deception is so great that parties have sometimes beckoned to other travellers, who seemed to be wading knee-deep, to come over to them where dry land was.

- 1130 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her
Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been
disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
1135 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suf-
fered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she
had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious
horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated
the tale of the Mowis;
1140 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from
the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a
weird incantation,
1145 Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was
wooed by a phantom,

1145. The story of Lilinau and other Indian legends will be found in H. R. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*.

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in
the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love
to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by
her people.
1150 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evange-
line listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the re-
gion around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor
1155 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
1160 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of
the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for
a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the
phantom had vanished.

1165 Early upon the morrow the march was resumed;
and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, — “On the western
slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of
the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of
Mary and Jesus ;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with
pain, as they hear him.”

1170 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evange-
line answered,

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings
await us ! ”

Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur
of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur
of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of
a river,

1175 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the
Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of
the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A
crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grapevines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.

1180 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the
intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs
of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer
approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the even-
ing devotions.

1185 But when the service was done, and the benedic-
tion had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from
the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers,
and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with
benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue
in the forest,

1190 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into
his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on
cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-
gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with so-
lemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel,
seated

1195 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden re-
poses,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey ! ”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

1200 “ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,

1205 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —

Days and weeks and months ; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

1210 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,
and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a
lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in
the corn-field.

1215 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not
her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from
the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true
as the magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
planted

1220 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s
journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the
desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller
of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their
odor is deadly.

1225 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-
after

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with
the dews of nepenthe.”

1219. *Silphium laciniatum* or compass-plant is found on the prairies of Michigan and Wisconsin and to the south and west, and is said to present the edges of the lower leaves due north and south.

1226. In early Greek poetry the asphodel meadows were haunted by the

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,
— yet Gabriel came not ;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the
robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel
came not.

1230 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor
was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blos-
som.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw
River.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of
St. Lawrence,

1235 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,

She had attained at length the depths of the Mich-
igan forests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to
ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in sea-
sons and places

1240 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden ; —

shades of heroes. See Homer's *Odyssey*, xxiv. 13, where Pope trans-
lates : —

“ In ever flowering meads of asphodel.”

The asphodel is of the lily family, and is known also by the name king's
spear.

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the
army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unre-
membered.
1245 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,
1250 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly
horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the
morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Del-
aware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city
he founded.
1255 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the em-
blem of beauty,

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,
an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
1260 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets
of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger ;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,
1265 For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed en-
deavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncom-
plaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
1270 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape be-
low us,

1256. The streets of Philadelphia, as is well known, are many of them, especially those running east and west, named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.

Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and
the pathway
1275 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was
his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it
was not.
1280 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,
but transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous
spices,
1285 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air
with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to
Meekly follow, with reverent steps, the sacred feet
of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;
frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of
the city,

1290 Where distress and want concealed themselves from
the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.

Night after night, when the world was asleep, as
the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well
in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of
her taper.

1295 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow
through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on
the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks
of wild pigeons,

1300 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake
in the meadow,

1298. The year 1793 was long remembered as the year when yellow fever was a terrible pestilence in Philadelphia. Charles Brockden Brown made his novel of *Arthur Mervyn* turn largely upon the incidents of the plague, which drove Brown away from home for a time.

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

1305 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm,
the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger ; —
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor
attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands ; —

1310 Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gate-
way and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls
seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord : — “ The poor ye al-
ways have with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of
Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to
behold there

1315 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints
and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a
distance.

1308. Philadelphians have identified the old Friends' almshouse on Walnut Street, now no longer standing, as that in which Evangeline ministered to Gabriel, and so real was the story that some even ventured to point out the graves of the two lovers. See Westcott's *The Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*, pp. 101, 102.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city
 celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would
 enter.

- 1320 Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, de-
 serted and silent,
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the
 almshouse.
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers
 in the garden,
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
 among them,
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their
 fragrance and beauty.
- 1325 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,
 cooled by the east-wind,
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
 the belfry of Christ Church,
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows
 were wafted
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in
 their church at Wicaco.
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour
 on her spirit;
- 1330 Something within her said, "At length thy trials
 are ended;"
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the cham-
 bers of sickness.

1328. The Swedes' church at Wicaco is still standing, the oldest in the city of Philadelphia, having been begun in 1698. Wicaco is within the city on the banks of the Delaware River. An interesting account of the old church and its historic associations will be found in Westcott's book just mentioned, pp. 56-67. Wilson the ornithologist lies buried in the churchyard adjoining the church.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,
and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
1335 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow
by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
1340 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
1345 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowers dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

1350 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

1355 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-sprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.

1360 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

1365 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walk-
ing under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his
vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted
his eyelids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by
his bedside.

1370 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the ac-
cents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what
his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling
beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,

1375 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of
patience !

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,

1380 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, " Fa-
ther, I thank thee ! "

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from
its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and un-
noticed.

1385 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them,

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey !

1390 Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and lan-
guage.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from
exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

1395 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
 neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
 wail of the forest.

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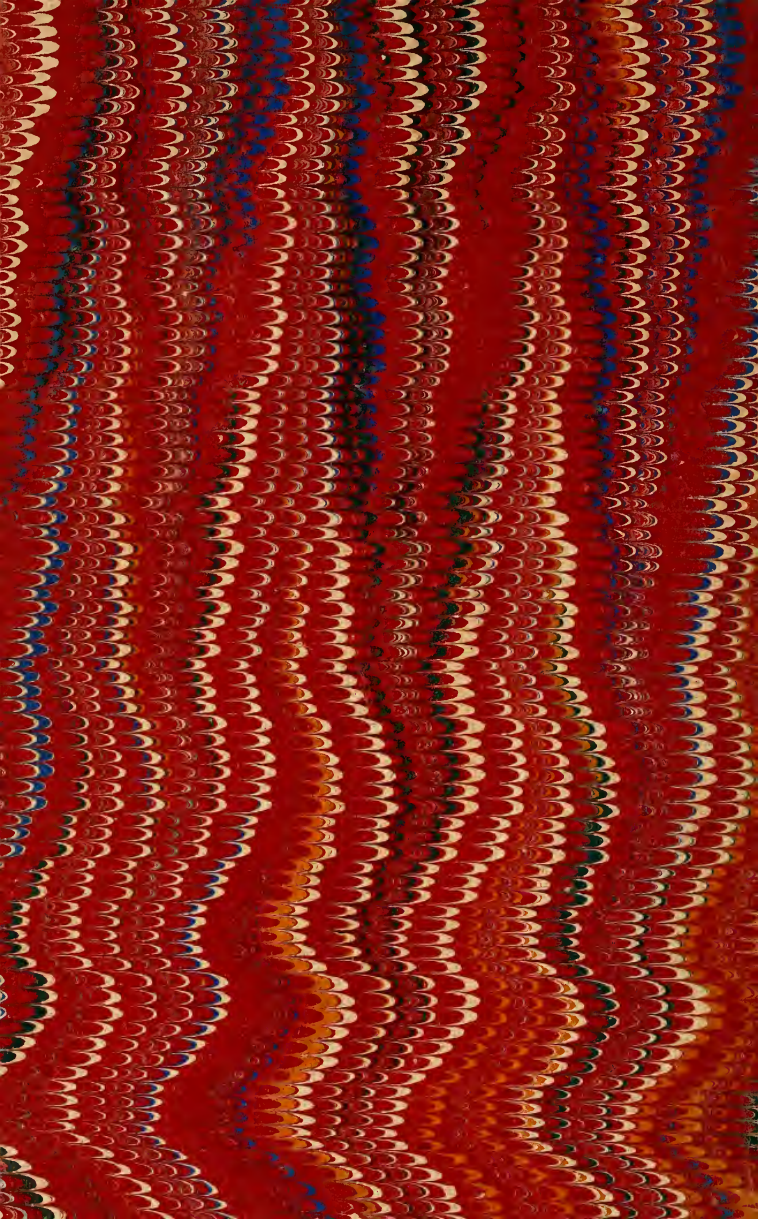
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